

ECHO ! this favour, if I  
 purchase may! Do not  
 herdgrooms there feign ?

\* ECHO,  
 They're fain ! What want they ? Speak!  
 now, they be blest, if e'er !

ECHO, Fear!  
 What be the confines ? Rebels they be  
 still!

ECHO, They  
 be still! What is She, that so many Swains  
 doth there guide ?

ECHO, Their  
 guide! None but herself hath that ability  
 To rule so many ways ! Her thoughts,  
 sure grounded on Divinity; For this  
 sweet Nymph, each Shepherd prays !



## ODE 3,

UPON a holy Saintes Eve As I took  
 my pilgrimage, Wand'ring  
 through the forest wary,  
 Blest be that holy Saint! I met the  
 lovely Virgin, MARY !  
 And kneeled, with long travel faint,  
 Performing my due homage. My tears  
 foretold my heart did grieve,  
 Yet MARY would not me relieve!

Her I did promise, every year, The  
 firstling female of my flock ; That in my  
 love she would me further.

(I curst the days of my first love, My  
 comfort's spoils, my pleasures' murder.)

She, She, alas, did me reprove!

My suits, as to a stony rock, Were made j for  
 she would not give ear ;

Ah love ! dear love ! love bought too dear!